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YOUTH

APRIL 26, 1970

THEIR COLLEGE IS THE WORLD
SCHOOL CRISIS IN MISSISSIPPI
A THEOLOGIAN LOOKS AT
INTEGRATION

Negro student Katherine Johnson discussed her views on the school situation./White high school students help teach elementary pupils at Canton Academy.



publicschool

*Photos and story by
Steve Wall, a free-lance
photographer and journalist
from Chattanooga, Tenn.,
who traveled to Mississippi
for this story on what is
happening to public
education in the South.*

BY STEVE WALL/"When I
and go to hell, there ain't gonna
no pickin' and choosin' down the
cause we all gonna burn," so said
a Negro student as we talked
about the school situation in Canton, Miss.

This winter, southern schools
were faced with a Supreme Court
order to comply with the previous
civil rights legislation calling for
immediate and total integration of
public school facilities. Some school
systems grumbled but complied; others
—as in the areas hit by Hurricane
Camille, merged their schools
without incident because the natural
disaster made it the expected
thing to do. But in whole sections



Private school CRISIS IN THE SOUTH

In the South people panicked, or decided to fight the court order. The public school system of Canton, Miss., was due to be totally integrated by Dec. 19th under this court order. The school board decided that the action was scheduled to take place, but instead of trying to educate the people to the order and enforcing it, they pleaded for more time. According to the court order, their time had run out. The white citizens of Canton met, one day after the court ap-

pointed day for integration, they were drawing up plans for a new school—a private, all-white elementary and high school to be known as Canton Academy. Six weeks later the Academy was in operation.

All but 19 of the white students at Canton High School enrolled in the new Academy. Six (out of 30) public high school teachers also moved into the new school, and 29 of a total of 35 white elementary teachers, including the principal, made the switch.

April 26, 1970

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*Most elementary teachers
joined the Academy. Most high
school teachers stayed with
the public school.*

The reason the majority of the white high school teachers stayed with the public school system, according to Bill Cooper, executive secretary to the superintendent of schools, was due to a dedicated high school principal, Ed Sullivan.

To what sort of a school have the white students and teachers gone? Canton Academy is located in a former tent factory. The building is merely a shell. Inside the rooms have no individual ceilings and no doors. Principal Charles Hill says that it is easy to see that there is no sound proofing, and I

agreed. Noise abounds everywhere even in the make-shift library.

There are no science labs, the library contains only 500-1000 books donated from home libraries, there is no cafeteria. Kids bring their own lunches or go home to eat. Yet, Hill states: "This is a permanent operation, and we offer the highest quality education the kids can receive anywhere."

He explained how he saw the educational future of Canton: "There will be a Negro public school system and an all-white private school system. We are all united in the effort to make the private school go. It is the first time all of the white people have been united for any cause. In one way the action was the greatest thing

have happened in Canton.” According to Bill Cooper, the people do not realize what a mistake they are making. He said, “Our public schools have made America a great nation, but private schools are the cause of our downfall. The private schools will be for the haves and the have-nots will suffer. Since the haves will send their children to private schools, they will not vote on bond issues or taxes to support public schools. Also, funds for public schools are allotted from the state department of education on the basis of average daily attendance. When Canton Academy started, we had 504 white high school students, not counting the elementary pupils, the day. Our funds will be cut in September.”

And this has affected the churches too. Fred Tarpley, superintendent of missions for Madison and Hinds counties of one Protestant denomination, stated that in his denomination in one county where private schools were started to keep integration from happening, gifts to the denomination dropped from \$6,000 per month to \$1,000 per month. He asked, “What is the future of the church in this situation?”

Some persons blame the way legislation was enacted and enforced for Canton’s and the South’s dilemma, but Bill Cooper reacted to such analysis this way: “Hell, I can’t do anything about what happened ten years ago; my problem is now.”

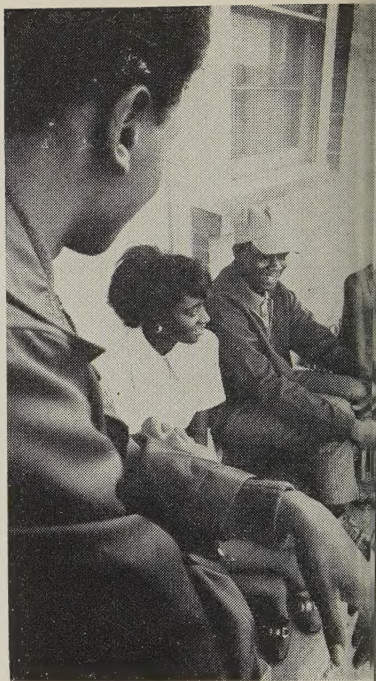
“Basically I know what is one of



To the left: the Canton courthouse. Above: Bill Cooper, assistant to the public school superintendent.

the biggest problems," states an influential Negro in Canton. "It is that the white man is running scared. He feels he must keep the Negro a slave to tradition. He must keep him in bondage. The white man has in the past, and still in the present, done 'in' the Negro. He has run over him, suppressed his creative ability, pushed his intellect aside, and made him conscious of his color. He has pushed the Negro out and kept him at the back door of society. He has forced him into the poorest of housing and refused to make needed repairs on his rented houses. Also, the white has refused to pay the Negro a wage for his work.

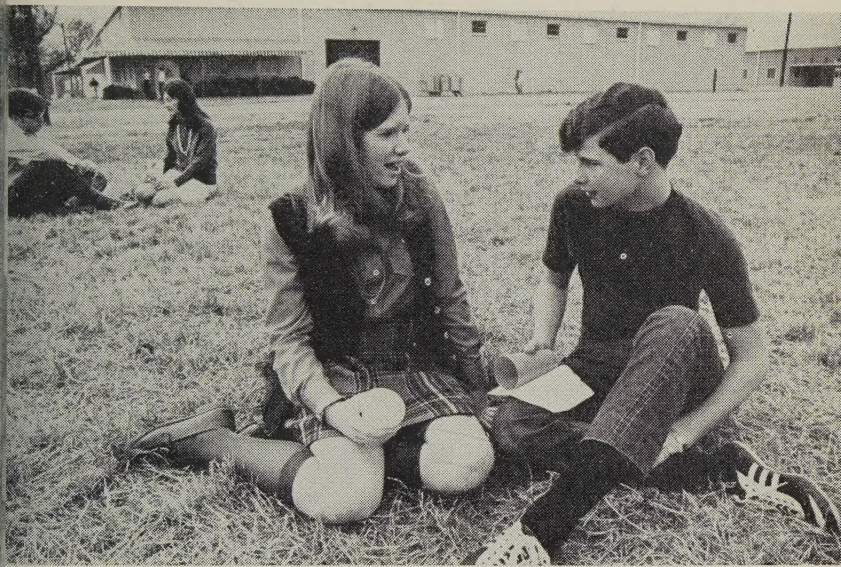
"All of this builds up in the Negro's mind and, also, in the white's mind. The creation of a private school is merely an excuse to show the Negro that his race is not wanted. But more, it shows that the white man fears the Negro potential. In Canton, Mississippi there is a 65% Negro population. If the Negro pushed he could build his own stores and patronize them, causing the white merchants to go out of business. Another thing, the Negro could elect his people to of-



fice. He could enact legislation clear up the housing situation, provide better schools, and raise taxes. In short, the white man feels once the Negro has power he will do 'in' the whites that once did 'in'."

The Negro students and those whites who stayed with the public high school, seem the most willing to look at the problem and try to solve it. Only one or two of the white students who stayed with the public school have been unable to pay the tuition.

All but 19 of Canton's white high school students are enrolled in the new academy.



Black and white students shared their views on integrated education. In the background behind the white students is Canton Academy. The building was once a tent factory.

the Academy—they stayed rather close because they wanted to be on the “right” side and try to abide by the law. They seem to accept all as *people*—but more than that, they realize each person is an individual.

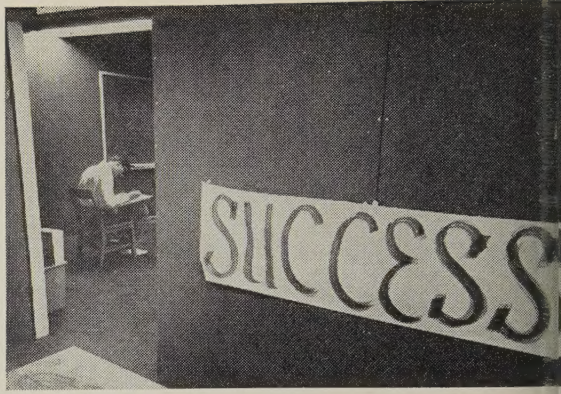
One white student said “The Negroes hear just as many rumors about the whites as we hear about them. Anyway, how would you feel if you knew you were not wanted here? Would you ever want to leave?”

James Lane, a Negro student, responded: “Integration is nice. We can exchange ideas. All are better educated. It is a swell thing. We learn to understand each other. It will

take time to solve Canton’s problems, but whites will see that we are not as bad as they thought. Let them see.”

It may take much time, though, because of how whites think. Gretchen Riddell, a student at the Academy, stated: “Negroes outnumber us. About 65% of Canton’s population is Negro. I would be petrified to go to school with them. . . . I’ve heard they all carry knives and razors.”

Her fellow student Danny Murphy added: “Each race is better off with its own race. They understand each other. Anyway, what’s more fair than freedom of choice?”

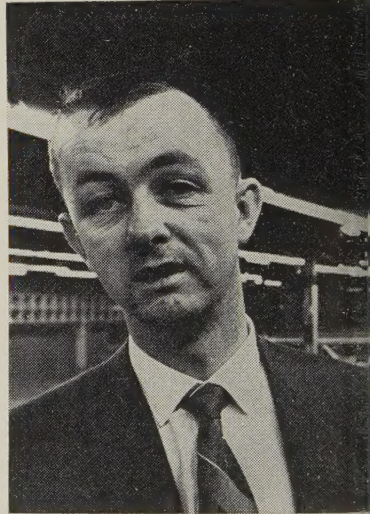


"This is a permanent operation," states Charles Hill, principal of Canton Academy.

Fear seems to be a prime factor in the problem in Canton. Blacks and whites alike acknowledge that the white are motivated by fear. Gretchen said she "would be petrified" and Negro student Katherine Johnson said, "They fear the black student. They think there will be dating and then intermarriage. I say if you are in love and think you can make it, just fine. Time brings a change in ways of thinking. People will change."

One family has just moved to Canton from Maryland because of company relocation. When friends in Maryland heard of the situation in Canton they wrote and asked if the daughter was attending the private school and why.

The family wrote back and stated



that all but 19 whites were attending the private school and the daughter was in the private school because in order to be accepted in the new community they felt they had to be a part of the private school challenge.

On the Canton city limits there is a small truck stop. In a small middle aged lady who



Academy students help not only with teaching younger children but also with janitor duties. Academy walls are decorated with posters urging students to do their best.

g very outspoken she lets everyone know that her daughter is not g to go to school with "niggers" e has to wash dishes 24 hours y. She, also, has rather harsh ls for the superintendent of the ic school for his lack of support Canton Academy and for his ing to follow court orders. To he is, "a nigger lover." Her r words cannot be repeated. mes Lane said he felt that par- are the biggest problem in Can- "If we are going to solve this lem, it will be by the students. you can't blame any one per-

son, someone else taught them— blame is at the beginning of slavery. The solution must come now, not from the past."

The 19 whites attending public high school have a very wholesome attitude. They are making new friends, even though their old friends are going in another direction. There is some ill-will but it is not a big problem. Most feel that it is an individual's choice. Their old friends have made one choice, they have made another.

Another white student explained, "People believe what someone else



Canton is hiding in the past behind the private school's door

tells them. But most of what they hear are rumors or hearsay. I am glad that I am in the public school. It is different to be one of 19 whites in a school of 1244 Negroes, but it is my school, too."

As James Lane pointed out, most of the kids attending Canton Academy are simply reflecting their parents' views. There is a sense of tenseness at the Academy, but, more than that, there is a sense of piousness. This piousness is part of the problem, and it will take time for attitudes to change. It is evident that Canton is another city hiding in the past behind the door of the private school.

Academy students seem to be overlooking the seriousness of the situation. Whites and blacks at the public school realize the seriousness

and are trying to work out a solution to the problem.

Many people in Canton look upon the Academy as a symbol of unity; they have rallied to it as a cause to support and fight for. In such a situation, the public school system in the South (and perhaps in the North as well) may be on trial for its existence.

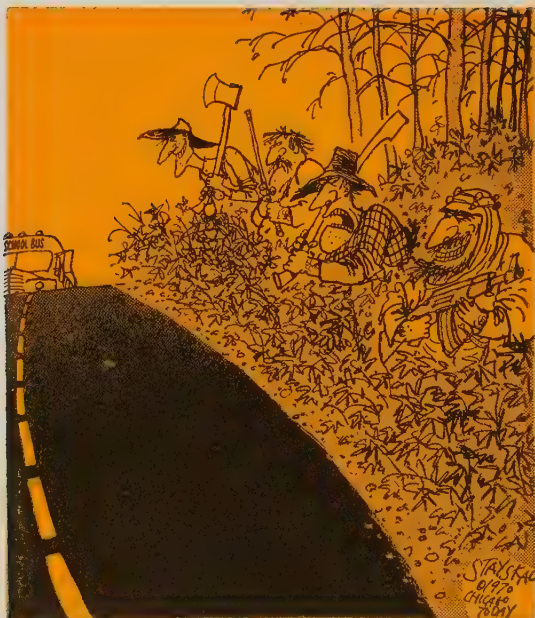


**It isn't really
funny, but . . .**



Zschiesche, GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS

"Pointing the way to school integration . . ."



Stayskal, © 1970 Chicago Today

"Hey . . . go find yer own bus!"



L. D. Warren, Reproduced with permission of the Cincinnati Enquirer

"How do you know he can't play?
You didn't even ask him!"



"Let's not be overcome with grief . . .



Herblock in the Washington Post

Latest Communique From The White House Shelter

This article is written by a white man. It is aimed particularly at those readers of this magazine who are white.

You know—or at least you ought to know—the basic conclusion of the Kerner (National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders) report several years ago: "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black and one white—separate and unequal." But the Commission went on to say, "This deepening racial division is not inevitable." The alternative? "This alternative will require a commitment to national action — compassionate, massive and sustained, backed

by the resources of the most powerful and the richest nation on earth. From every American will require new attitudes, new understanding, and, above all, will." But even as this report was being drawn up, Dr. Kenneth Clark, a distinguished black social scientist who had seen many other such reports sadly commented to the Commission, "It is a kind of *Alice in Wonderland*—with the same moving picture re-shown over and over again, the same analysis, the same recommendations, and the same inaction." Now, a few years later, his words sound comfortably true.

The Church and Alice in Wonderland. "Eleven o'clock on Sunday morning is the most segregated hour of the week." How then can the church lead the way out of prejudice, injustice, and national crisis? Some might (on questionable grounds) argue that it is not the church's business to get involved in the specifics of public education, welfare, employment, housing, and police practices, who could argue that the Commission's pleas for "new attitudes, understanding, and, above all,



HOW

are outside the church's baili-
?

Our past record is spotty. In the
nities we began, believe it or not,
integrated churches. But our
"segregation" was the master—slave
line, with the blacks standing in
rear of the white man's church
"for the good of their souls," which
effectively also guaranteed that
the black church could become an
organizational center for revolt.
Then, at last, separate Negro
churches were allowed, they quickly
became the social centers, schools,
and sources of comfort and hope
for pre-Civil War blacks.

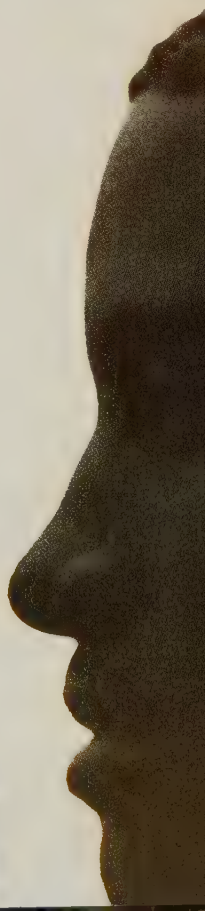
But there are also bright spots
in the record. Before, as well as
after, the Civil War there were
cliques of white Christians effec-
tively concerned about evangelism,
education, and economic improve-
ment for black people. There have
been white as well as black Chris-
tian martyrs for the cause of human

equality. The present century finally
brought official condemnation of
racism, and the last few years have
shown churchmen frequently on the
front lines in Alabama, Mississippi,
Milwaukee, and in many local (and
largely unsung) battles for justice
and human dignity.

But how can we congratulate our-
selves? We have heard scripture
used to justify white supremacy,
the church often condones and even
blesses the white man's flight from

In this article, James Nelson shares his
views on the Christian, the church, and
more. Dr. Nelson is on the faculty of the
Lutheran Theological Seminary of the Twin
Cities in New Brighton, Minn.

LONG



the inner city, our nation gets more and more polarized over the "impatience" of the blacks—as if it were *our* privilege to set a timetable for *their* freedom! As Eldridge Cleaver writes, "The positive achievements are there in the record . . . but there can be no applause now, not while the master still holds the whip in his hand!"

Why haven't white Christians done better? There are many reasons. Let's talk about four. One is simply the abundance of bad theology. In a grossly unbiblical way, the Christian faith is frequently interpreted as being solely a private and/or other-worldly affair. When this happens the prophetic message of social justice is forgotten, and the sturdy, demanding love embodied in Jesus Christ becomes sentimentalized beyond recognition. Then the "secularist" and the "pietist" join forces. The secularist (who wants no part of religion) says to the church, "You can have the inner life and you can have the after life, but keep your pea-pickin' hands off the *public* life." The pietist (whose interest is in his own, private "spiritual life") responds, "Amen, brother, hallelujah!"

A second cause for the church ambivalence lies in the way churches are organized and in how we think about them. Democracy has its great strengths, but it also makes church practices notorious subject to local prejudices and slow to change. Further, many Protestants have grown accustomed to thinking of the church much in the same way as they think of the families: it's *my* church (not primarily Christ's church), and just as my family ought to be free to invite to our dinner table whom we wish, so also our church ought to have the freedom to keep our fellowship "compatible."

Third, there is the sheer massiveness and complexity of the racial problem. The whole fabric of our society is affected—schools, bus



CAN

small towns, urban areas, Vietnam and our whole foreign policy. the speed with which the problem demands solution is puzzling to us. Just when liberal whites about to point with pride to certain areas of progress, militant blacks tell them to leave hands off and do it ourselves."

The fourth reason, however, unites each of the others. Traditional theological language says it is *sin*. Christians have no special immunity to sin, but we do find in our faith some resources for understanding and coping with it. Social scientists can teach us a lot about the development and effects of racial prejudice, but they cannot answer the question: why does racial prejudice occur in the first place? Too many social scientists mistakenly assume that men are "naturally" sound, healthy, and unprejudiced, and that racial prejudice is an unnatural, artificial, and

learned kind of thing. (Do you remember the song from South Pacific, "You've got to be taught to hate?")

Christian theology can agree that racial prejudice is learned, but it is learned precisely because something within us—a self-centeredness and insecurity—inclines us toward some kind of prejudice. We seem to seek to bolster our own security by dominating others in some way, and the racial expression of this is a very handy way.

But why do we have this self-centered insecurity in the first place? The Bible pictures us (check the 8th Psalm) in a kind of middle position—created less than God, but more than animals, and without either the perfection of God or sheer animal instinct to guide us. Living without certainty is uncomfortable; we find it difficult to accept ourselves as we are. Thus, we tend to deny our created position, either playing God over others (which is idolatry) or acting like the animal (which is just escapism).

"Scapegoating" is a typical way in which we express our sin. The term comes from the ancient Hebrew custom (see Leviticus 16: 20-22): A goat was brought into the



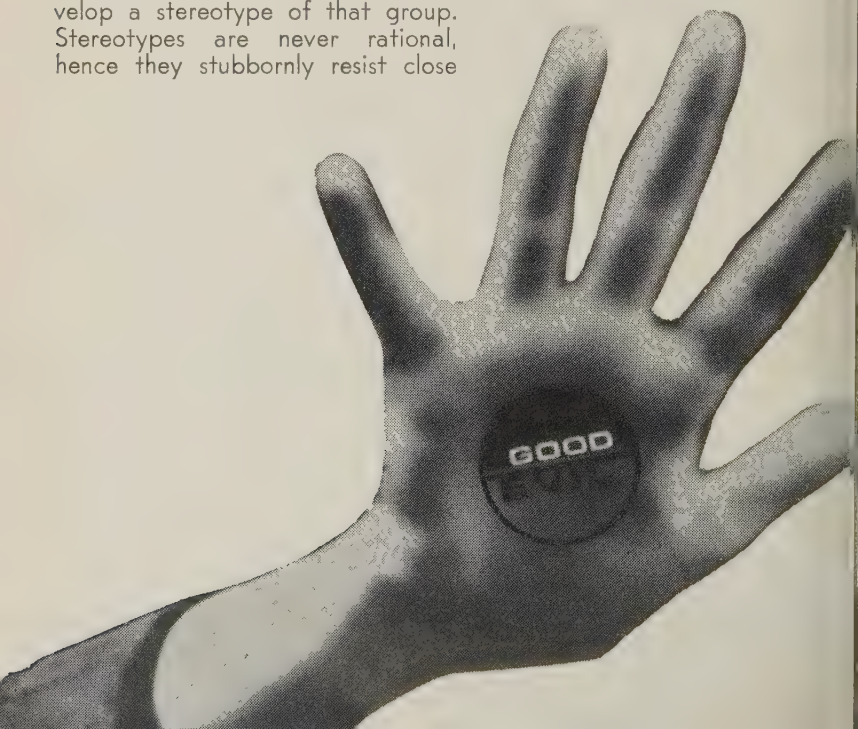
WE

religious service, the priest symbolically laid the sins of the community's people upon it, and then the animal was driven away out into the wilderness. We may laugh at this superstitious practice, but we still use it psychologically. If we can project our own shortcomings and characteristics which we find unacceptable onto someone else, blaming *him* for having them, it makes us feel ever so much better. The "goat" must also be recognizably different from us, and in America the most different group in terms of physical characteristics has been black people.

As we project certain characteristics onto another group, we develop a stereotype of that group. Stereotypes are never rational, hence they stubbornly resist close

examination by reason and logic. As a white, middle-class child I was taught to be ambitious, hard-working, clean, and sexually proper. These virtues did not come naturally; I also had desires to be carefree, lazy, unwashed, and sensual. Yet I learned to hide these desires fairly successfully from myself by projecting them on black people. Then I would wonder why the highly educated, successful black man made me uneasy. He was threatening my stereotype of my sinful superiority.

But, sin is never *pure* evil. It always corrupted good, as the



imagery of the devil as fallen reminds us. So it is with this—a pathetic expression of it in our own group. Racial as such is not necessarily bad. I applaud the way in which we are recovering their own self-identity; knowing that black is beautiful is not a cause for shame. But Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver idealized, black separatism like white separatism is a dead-end. When we whites look at our history, however, it is hard to reach the conclusion that we have lost our racial values and standards—god-like, judging all other races by our measurements and condemning them when they fail to conform. Reinhold Niebuhr puts it all: "The real crime of any minority group is that it diverges from the dominant type. . . . The particular crime of Negroes is that they diverge too obviously from the dominant type. They are black."

What is God intending now? Obviously, it is not enough simply to diagnose our disease; we must also seek healing. And if the disease is so complex, over-simplified diagnosis will not do. What is God intending for us now?

God is our Father: he is our Creator and our Judge. It is clear in the biblical record that the Creator intends the oneness, the unity of his creation. The "Image of God" in which *all* men are created, knows no difference in skin pigmentation. Creative response to our Creator surely means actions on our part which recognize and seek to realize the unity of the human race!

But the Father God is also our Judge. Recently we have seen again how our law courts can become travesties of justice. But, a good judge in a modern court is not primarily a punisher; rather, he is one who maintains justice in the midst of brokenness and shows those who undermine true justice the consequences of their actions. It is sometimes said, "We do not break the laws of God, we break ourselves upon the laws of God." Nowhere is this more accurate than in racism.

Tell it to me like it really is, God. This is your judgment. Don't hide from us what we've done. Help us to see clear-eyed and without flinching the terrible destructiveness and stubbornness of our prejudice. Let us see and hear the broken and

BE

the bitter black man. Let us feel the pain and hurt of your judgment, for then we might be ready to meet you as Redeemer.

God the Son, the Redeemer, intends his broken community of creation to be restored—where once again there might be no Jew or Greek, no slave or free, no "nigger" or "honky," for all are one in Christ. But how is it possible?

Let us go back to this insecure white man who is not sure of his personal worth and who therefore needs to have black men as his scapegoat. What if he becomes increasingly open to *all* because he learns, within the Christian Community, that he is accepted? That the One most important of all, the One who is really Real, accepts him? This, after all, is the Good News God intends us to know.

God's redemptive intent also has its social, corporate side. Here we must speak of love and justice in one breath. One of the great theological failures of the church has been a divorce between love and justice. But such "love" which contains no urgent claim for justice has become sentimentalized and privatized, a cheap caricature of the real thing.

Justice to the black man means quite specific things: jobs equal to one's abilities, education which really prepares children and youth for life, decent housing at any level a man can afford, and all the rest. Yet, the increase of justice in any society usually requires the increase of power. The majority group which controls the power—economic, political, social—seldom shares it with those who lack it. That is a recognized fact of human nature, and a stuttering, broken record in American racial history. "Black power" is a recognition of this fact. A group of leading black clergymen put it well: "Powerlessness breeds a race of beggars. The power of white men is corrupted because it meets little meaningful resistance from Negroes—temper it and keep white men from aping God. The conscience of black men is corrupted because having no power to implement the demands of conscience, the concept for justice is transmuted into a distorted form of love which, in the absence of justice, becomes a self-otie self-surrender."

The use of power—even when every effort is made to keep it non-violent—is always potentially ri-

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olutions are never tidy affairs." The thoughtful Christian must deal with the important and complex moral problems of ends and means, civil disobedience, and the often tragic consequences of protest. However, the Christian, by using every phony and gutless use of "love," can take direction from the One who never separated love from justice. He was the Prince of Peace who said, "I have come to bring peace, but a sword." His sword was not a violent word; neither was it the kind of sword that came from human conflict. As the Holy Spirit throughout Christian history has intended that we be drawn together into a new kind of community. (Take another look at the story of Pentecost!) In the creation of a new community of men is the overarching goal of Christian action. That love can never be divorced from justice is true. That love goes beyond justice to a new community is also true. Fortunately, it is possible that the levels of justice for black people—better jobs, housing, education, might be achieved, but that gen-

uine inter-racial community might elude us.

Actions still speak louder than words. The church, all too frequently an arm-chair quarterback talking a good game about the new community but not quite on the playing field yet, has before it the greatest opportunity in the world. It can be the bridgehead of God's action in the world, the place where His community is incarnate so that all men can see it and take part in it—not just hear what it might be like.

It could be—

a lot depends upon us.



VALENT ?



The World Is Our



Students at this unusual liberal arts college study as they travel around the world. At the end of four years, in addition to the experiences they have had in Europe, Africa, Asia, and Latin America, they also have an accredited BA degree.

College

D. G. BENSON/Friends World College, sponsored by the New York Yearly Meeting of the Religious Society of Friends, grew out of a concern for a new kind of education. Learning, trans-national in scope and oriented around problems basic to mankind, was designed to meet the crucial need for world understanding and cooperation.

In 1965 the first class of 38 students began their orientation semester at Kitchel Gardens, a former Air Force base in Westbury, N.Y. They spent themselves dividing their time between seminars and dialogue with faculty members, and repairing their barracks into more comfortable living quarters. Using Long Island as their base, students and faculty initiated study trips to New England, the South, and Appalachia, thereby complementing their reading and discussion with personal insight into problems of poverty, race, religion, conservation, and community development. Students then applied these experiences to their work in Mexico, Africa, Europe, India, and Japan.

The story of their involvement in this new form of education is, perhaps best told by the students themselves through their journals, in which they recorded their experiences, observations, and personal growth.

Henderson wrote: "I had many apprehensions about attending Friends World College and the sort of program I would encounter. It was going to be a change from the typical educational program. Instead of studying facts, we will study social problems and problem-solving techniques. We will have to open our minds to the emerging concepts in the world. Introductory seminars helped us begin to develop a world perspective. Returning southward from Montreal on our Northern Study Trip, we stopped at Hawk's Hill in Vermont, a demonstration forest. We walked through the woods in the rain, seeing the huge trees, beautifully-colored leaves, the beaver pond, the maple syrup house. We helped prune some of

"We will have to open our minds to
emerging concepts in the world

the good, straight trees and took out some of the less desirable ones which were crowding the good trees.

"During our Southern Study Trip we met and talked with a great variety of people. We were plunged into racial problems by a visit to a Black Power discussion held at Knoxville College. Then at TVA we learned more about the employment position of Negroes—that even in government agencies they fill the lower echelon jobs."

Sanno Keeler continues: "We visited Greenbelt, a planned community started in 1937 to provide jobs and experiment in urban planning. Later we met Sam Ashelman, who had been head of the Greenbelt cooperative for many years. I feel I gained a great deal from his discussion in which he said that only the cooperatives which have emerged from the needs of the people and have been administered by the people worked well.

"In Decoy, Ky., a small community in the hills of Appalachia, we walked home with some of the children after school: one of our most significant experiences. In the house of two of the girls a wood stove was burning hotly and an old radio was playing. Two dogs sat by the stove on the warped wooden floor. Several ragged dirty children sprawled on the two sagging double beds. Their distended abdomens displayed inadequate nutrition. Their mother spoke with us; a loving, patient woman. She had nine children. The father was a gaunt man who said very little. Although it was nearly six o'clock, there was no sign of supper being prepared. This family owned a mule, cow, calf, and a few hogs. They had no car, refrigerator, telephone, or running water. I had never seen anything like this in the United States before, yet I know this is typical of 20 million people."

From Selma, Ala., where students stayed at the SNCC Freedom House, the group traveled to Koinonia Farm, an inter-racial community in Arcadia, Ga., and then on to South Carolina. Sanno wrote: "One of the most meaningful experiences of the whole trip was Sunday evening on John's Island, S.C., when we attended the gospel singing and preaching of the Moving Star Hall Singers. We came expecting to hear very spirited and enjoyable singing, but it was far more than that. Anyone could participate and many did with all others singing in the background and moaning 'O, yes, Jesus,' and other phrases. Hymns started quickly and there began to be a tapping of feet and swaying in time to the music. Then as people were carried away by the strength and spirit, they stood and began clapping in time. The clapping increased and became much more complicated.



Student Gregg Wittkamper helped with voter registration in Selma, Ala., part of his Southern Study Trip experience.

treble and bass claps. People began dancing in the aisles. We also and clapped and even danced. There was a deep sense of spiritual and understanding. Two of our students got up and preached. By end of the meeting the sense of communication was so great that we ed hands with everyone, and hugged some, and simply felt joyous we could worship together so well with different backgrounds and dif- colored skins. The love among us will not be forgotten by anyone was there." *The spirit of closeness as a community which students oped through these and other experiences while at the North American or is suggested in this poem by Connemara Wadsworth:*

*We went to the sea the other night
It was dark and there was no difference
Between sand and sea, and sea and sky.
It was all one.
The sea was all rhythm
Its movement was constant
And in harmony with everything around
We passed a couple who were sharing
The splendor and greatness of the sea
At night
When it's one with the world.*

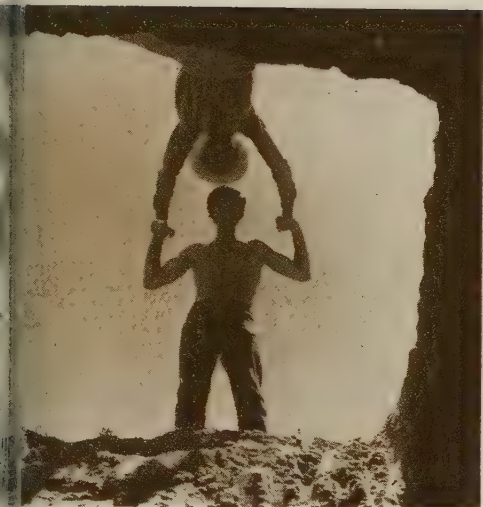


Second semester students went to live with families in different rural villages of Mexico. Ann Henderson wrote:

"From the beginning my mother wanted me to feel at home and a member of the family. The first night when I was a stranger who could not even greet her family correctly, we sat down at the table and I started learning Spanish. We tried so hard to communicate verbally, but succeeded most in the non-verbal communication of love and affection.

"After spending two weeks living with a social worker on the island of LaPacanda in Lake Patzcuaro, I feel I have seen love at work. Doña is a stout woman who is overflowing with warmth and affection for everyone. Her job as a social worker is to find what the people want and help them get the services that are available to them or help them herself by teaching them needed skills."

Sanno shared a similar experience: "One afternoon I went with the agricultural team to a small village. I spent most of the time in the school with Juanita, the only girl on the team. She teaches the women to knit, embroider, can surplus fruit, make jams, and various other things. First we talked with the school teacher, a very pleasant man, and with the children. After school, the women filed into the room. They lined up to get advice about their knitting and to buy yarn at wholesale prices. Conversation filled the room. The men on the team helped villagers with crops and animals. All in all, I am impressed with this kind of community development work. The initiative comes from the people and help is there when



Steve Riatt took these photos as a FWC student in Mexico. Photo on the far left shows a village carnival. Steve and another FWC student take time out from privy digging.

they ask for it. The team covers a different community every day."

In Hutchinson is especially interested in religions around the world. Here are some of her experiences with the church in Mexico:

"The second Sunday five of us went to Mass with the family with whom we were living. The church was very ornate inside, with purple ricks, white flowers and candles, and plastic angels. Joventina, one of the daughters, whispered 'puro oro, puro oro,' the structure at the center of the altar was pure gold, and she was very proud of it. Small birds, brown and very loud-voiced, were flying around inside the church and people were filling in the back. We were in front because we were early.

"The priest came in, wearing a white robe with a purple and gold surment over it. He was a small man with a bald head and glasses. Two men in huaraches and dark jackets assisted the priest; two women in dark clothes were blessed and knelt through the Mass before the altar. The rest of the congregation stood up, sat down, knelt, and responded with mens through the service. Joventina peeked at me now and then to see why I didn't kneel.

"A big wooden chair was brought and the priest was seated on it. His high black shoes were a few inches off the ground; with his white lace shirts and purple and gold robe he looked like a tiny old lady. But his face and voice were dignified and he threw his short hands around, so that they looked like two of the little brown birds coming out of the three yers of sleeves he had on—white, black, and white again.

"The priest blessed wine and wafer. Bells rang. There was more talking and singing, more kneeling and standing and sitting. The priest blessed us and was gone; the women in front of the altar rose. We went home.

"Several weeks later, people were throwing water in the streets. Day after day Kathy, and Laurel came in shortly after I did, soaked. They thought there was a plot against los Gringos, but Brian told us later it was part of Holy Week celebrations."

After various adventures, a number of students spent their last weeks in Mexico as guests of a local religious order. Of this, Lyn wrote:

"Yesterday we walked up to the monastery. It was as far from my idea of a monastery as this place is from my picture of a convent. Everything was very modern and pleasant, with gardens around it. The monks were comfortably dressed and looked like people who spend most of their time outdoors.

"On our last night, the nuns invited us to sing again. First, the Carmelite nun played some Vivaldi on her violin. Then I played an old British ballad. They asked for another, and I sang Tom Lehrer's 'Poisoned Pigeons in the Park.' They laughed so much that I suspected that one of them must know English. We talked a little while and then they sang a Hebrew song in harmony. It began to storm outside. The nuns sang traditional Mexican songs, and during the second one the lights went out, so they sang in the dark. Soon the lights came on again. Finally they rang a bell which meant the nuns had to go to bed. Everybody thanked everybody else and we ran back to our room in the rain."

Later, Connemara wrote from Denmark:

"After six months in Mexico, the first class joined with the second class and came to the Scandinavian countries. Because we have no base in Europe as yet, we have joined with the Scandinavian Seminar for nine months. Our experiences here will help us build a program of our own. There is a third class now in Mexico, and a fourth in New York. From Scandinavia we shall travel to eastern and western Europe, Africa, India, Japan, and back to the States. Our last six months in the U.S. will be spent evaluating the past three and a half years and writing a senior thesis. Every six months a new group starts in New York and follows the other groups around the world."

Each morning we wrap our VHS's around us and follow a circular line for many hours.

*I am here to learn the art of living
and to translate it back in abstract
to give it meaning within myself.*

—Sanno Keeler, Europe



Student John Rashford playing the sitar in India.

er thought continues with this letter: "To be a part of a foreign culture, to think like them and absorb values and folkways and superstitions and beauties; to comprehend the world and its peoples; to communicate with someone with so different a way of life as a Masai tribesman—this stretches a person unbelievably and sometimes painfully; it destroys your perspective on life and gives you the realization of your own narrowness; it brings into focus forces that are flowing underneath the petty struggles for wealth, underneath politics and wars, underneath even the intellect and knowing."

In a letter from India, John Rashford, who has studied music in a number of countries, wrote: "Modern movie music with its use of western orchestration is looked down upon by the devotees and performers of the classical form, irrespective of the fact that a large majority of the Indian population goes to these movies and enjoys the music, which is rapidly becoming India's popular music today. No place is better suited for the study of the relation between music and religion than India."

Finally, Africa. Connemara made this observation after landing at the airport in Uganda, East Africa: "As we stood with all our baggage, I



Claudia Menaugh at the Mua Hills African Center plays with some Kamban children.

noticed a little old man with very thin legs and ragged clothes. He had a broom and obviously worked at the tiny airport. He was leaning against his broom as he watched us with all our luggage. I felt very self-conscious. I thought that he could probably carry all of his belongings on his back. It was a struggle for me to carry the things I had with me. I felt awkward. I was white, he was black. I was American, he was African. I was considered rich, he poor. We drove to Kampala and passed many straw and mud huts, people walking with heavy loads on their heads, bare feet, simple ragged clothes. We were riding in shiny buses, three or four of them each with an African driver."

Later, she wrote of her Christmas in Africa:

"I came back from Mombasa to Mua Hills the day before Christmas to find that masses of food had been cooked. It was one of the best Christmas masses I've had. Each year we have had to make Christmas out of nothing and each year we have made it into everything.

"The afternoon brought a celebration and sharing. We went to Ndeti's farm and found about ten women dancing a traditional celebration dance and singing. Their clear voices sang in a steady, unbroken rhythm. One woman had some bell-like things on her ankle, which rattled each time she moved her foot. One old lady could surely have told us a lot about a great many things. Her wrinkled face showed the knowledge and wisdom of many years. As we sat talking and enjoying ourselves, Kvtutu told us that he and some of his brothers had been invited to a special meal; we were persuaded to come along.

"After the beer was opened, a bowl of warm water with soap and a towel was passed around for us to wash our hands. The meal was going

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eat cooked and stuffed into the cleaned stomach of the goat and boiled
day. An old man came in with half a gourd. We were asked to stand
while he said a traditional prayer. As he spoke, he poured beer from
the gourd onto the earthen floor of the hut. The prayer paid respects to
the ancestors and thanked them for this celebration. To our surprise, the
meal was good, but our enjoyment came more from the occasion and the
sharing of the meal. For us of one culture to be able to share and to cele-
brate a day with another culture as openly, as joyfully, and with such a
spirit, was truly inspirational."

Another study center has recently been opened in Japan. In this and
other ways, Friends World College is continuing to expand its program.
By enabling students to participate in many diverse cultures, the ideal of
world citizenship, unencumbered by petty loyalties which interfere with
the full development of all mankind, can hopefully be fulfilled.

Information on other study possibilities abroad is available from the
following sources:

Council on International Educational Exchange, 777 United Nations
Plaza, NYC 10017

International Christian Youth Exchange, 777 United Nations Plaza,
NYC 10017

Experiment in International Living, Putney, Vt., 05346

Open Door Student Exchange, 180 Hempstead, NYC 10011

In addition—a listing of short term study seminars held overseas is avail-
able in the publication, *Invest Yourself 1970*, which can be obtained from
the Commission on Volunteer Service and Action, 475 Riverside Dr., Room
10, New York, N.Y. 10027, at 50c per copy.

Something strange happened today, God.
I was sitting—thinking—being—wrapped around by the
Butterfield Blues Band when my father walked past and
rumbled my hair. Rumbled it as if I were a dog or a little kid.

I almost jerked my head away.

God, I wanted to hit him. To punch and to smash. Silently
I screamed, "Leave me alone! I am not your possession,
not your pet, but ME, an independent person."

I've never felt so violent before.

With every nerve tight, I buried myself deeper in the music.
Eyes closed, ignoring the hand. "Cool it, baby, cool it."
But inside the churning and shaking wouldn't stop.

Another thing that bothers me is that for an instant his
hand felt warm, almost comfortable on my head. I wanted
to look up and smile, maybe even touch his wrist, but then
I just wanted to hit, to separate my head from that hand.

How can I have such opposite feelings at the same time?

It's almost as if there were two me's.

I've had another thought that makes things even more
confusing. What if my father really felt lonely or something
and was touching me to get some warmth or comfort. I
can't even sort out my own emotions—how can I cope with
someone else's needs?

Oh God, when will I be able to respond in situations as me—
one person—not a shell hiding a tangle of conflicting and
sometimes violent emotions, but me, sure of who I am?

It's
almost as if there
were
2
me's

